Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being prisond in her eye: like pearles in glasse,
Yet sometimes fals an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should passe,
To wash the foule face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drownd.

O hard beleeuing loue how strange it seemes!
Not to beleeue, and yet too credulous:
Thy weale, and woe, are both of them extreames,
Despaire, and hope, makes thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikely,
The likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now she vnweaues the web that she hath wrought,
Adonis liues, and death is not to blame:
It was not she that cald him all to nought;
Now she ads honors to his hatefull name.
She clepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortall things.

No, no, quoth she, sweet death, I did but iest,
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of feare,
When as I met the boare, that bloudie beast,
Which knowes no pitie, but is still seueare,
Then gentle shaowd (truth I must confesse)
I raild on thee, fearing thy loues decesse.

Tis

Tis not my fault, the Boare prouokt my tong,
Be wreakt on him (inuisible commaunder)
Tis he foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
I did but act, he's author of thy slaunder.
Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is aliue,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
And that his beautie may the better thriue,
With death she humbly doth insinuate.
Tels him of trophies, statues, tombes and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O *Ioue* quoth she, how much a foole was I,
To be of such a weake and silly mind,
To waile his death who liues, and must not die,
Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kind?
For he being dead, with him is beauty slaine,
And beautie dead, blacke *Chaos* comes againe.

Fy, fy, fond loue, thou art so full of feare,
As one with treasure laden, hemd with theeues,
Trifles vnwitnessed with eye, or eare,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking greeues.
Euen at this word she heares a merrie horne,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorne.